

CHILDRENS'
BIRTHDAY
BOOK



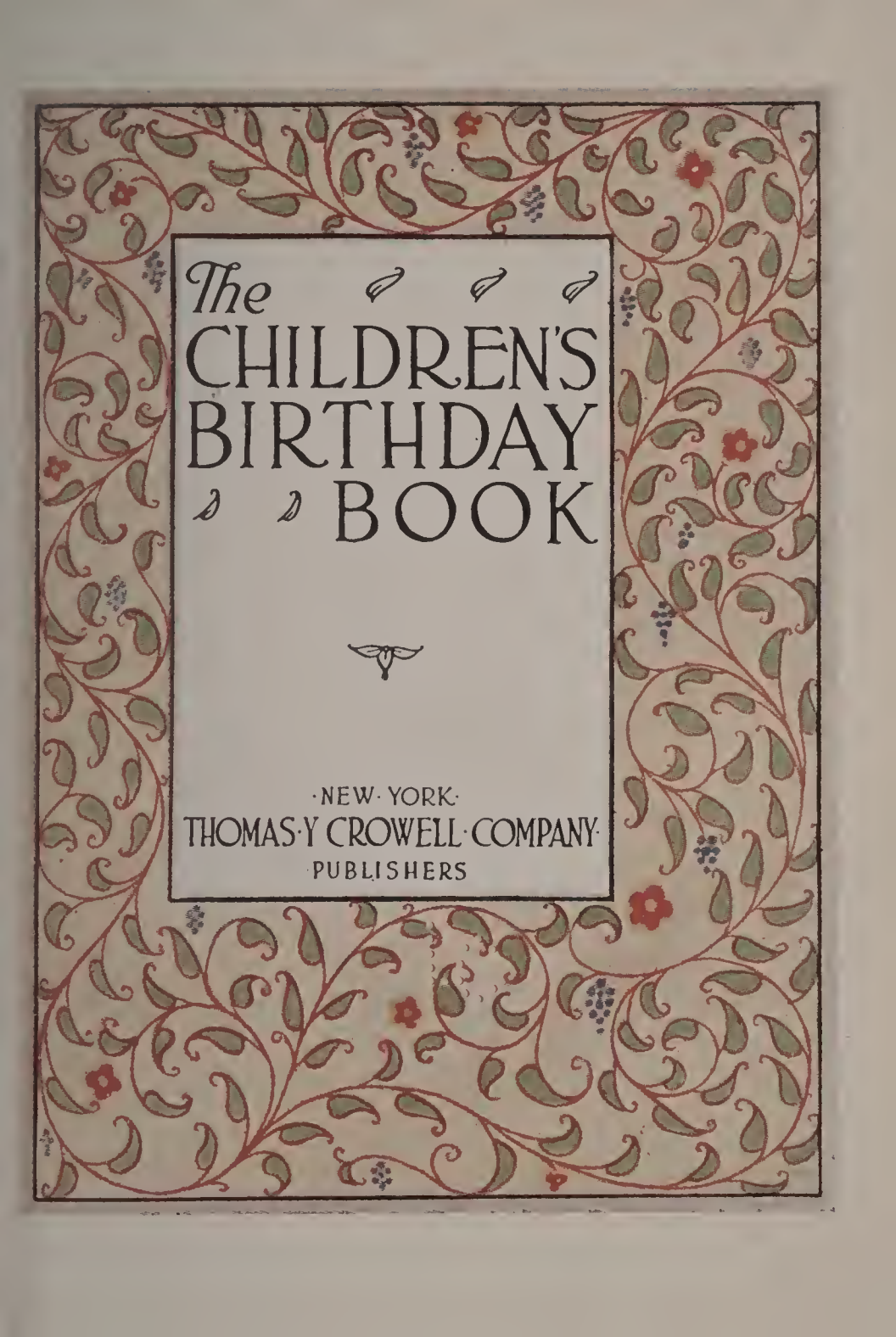
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


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The   
CHILDREN'S
BIRTHDAY
  BOOK



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January

FIRST

So may the New Year be a
happy one to you, happy to
many more whose happiness
depends on you.

Chas. Dickens

.....
.....
.....

SECOND

A dreary place would be this
earth
Were there no little people
in it;
The song of life would lose
its mirth
Were there no children to
begin it.

John G. Whittier

.....
.....
.....

THIRD

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me gentle, kind,
and good,
As children ought to be.

Anon.

.....
.....
.....

FOURTH

Early to bed, and early to
rise,
Makes a man healthy,
wealthy, and wise.

Anon.

.....
.....
.....

January

FIFTH

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night be-
guiles.
W. Blake

SIXTH

Glorious Fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee.
J. R. Lowell

SEVENTH

Life hath no dim and lowly
spot,
That doth not in her sunshine
share.
J. R. Lowell

EIGHTH

A tender thought expressed,
a sweet flower given,
A little child's caress—these
speak of Heaven.
F. Broughton

January

NINTH

I'll gaily sing from day to
day,
And do the best I can;
If sorrows meet me on the
way
I'll bear them like a man.
B. H.

TENTH

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That's the wisest way.
Anon.

ELEVENTH

.....
Everyone gets in life, what
they themselves bring into it.
E. F. Benson

TWELFTH

Good night, good night to
you, Lady Moon!
Your eyes look kind and
sad—
I'll ask the fairies to let me
come
To kiss you, and make you
glad. *Althea Chaplin*

January

THIRTEENTH

Flowers spring to blossoms
 where she walks,
The careful ways of duty;
The hard stiff lines of life
 with her
Are flowing curves of
 beauty.

FOURTEENTH

No one is useless in this
world who helps to lighten
the burden of it for anyone
else.
 Chas. Dickens

FIFTEENTH

Her smile is as the listening
 child's,
Who hears its mother call;
The lilies of Thy perfect
 peace
About her pillow fall.
 J. G. Whittier

SIXTEENTH

A perfect woman, nobly
 planned,
To warn, to comfort, and
 command;
And yet a Spirit still, and
 bright
With something of angelic
 light. *Wm. Wordsworth*

January

SEVENTEENTH

Youth fades, Love droops,
the leaves of Friendship
fall,
A Mother's secret hope out-
lives them all.
O. W. Holmes

EIGHTEENTH

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet
them,
Lame dogs over stiles.
Chas. Kingsley

NINETEENTH

Others shall
Take patience, labour, to
their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy
heart, and thy brave
cheer.
E. B. B.

TWENTIETH

.....
If you would be loved, love
and be lovable.
B. Franklin

January

TWENTY-FIRST

Though life is made up of
mere bubbles,
'Tis better than many aver,
For while we've a whole lot
of troubles,
The most of them never
occur.

Anon.

.....
.....
.....

TWENTY-SECOND

She was so sweet, so passing
fair,
With such a smile, with such
an air,
A glance so shy, so debonair,
An eye so bright, a smile so
rare,
I never knew!

Anon.

.....
.....
.....

TWENTY-THIRD

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
S. T. Coleridge

.....
.....
.....

TWENTY-FOURTH

There's life alone in duty
done,
And rest alone in striving.
J. G. Whittier

.....
.....
.....

January

TWENTY-FIFTH

Last night with smiles they
 went to bed,
When twinkling stars were
 overhead,
But not too late, for wise
 folk say:
"That drives our happy
 dreams away."
 W. Smiles

TWENTY-SIXTH

One by one thy duties wait
 thee;
 Let thy whole strength go
 to each,
Let no future dreams elate
 thee,
 Learn thou first what these
 can teach.
 A. A. Procter

TWENTY-SEVENTH

What will you do, little girls,
 little boys,
 When the years have rolled
 away?
And the time has come to get
 rid of the toys,
When the trials of life must
 be shared with its joys,
 What will you do some
 day? *Bessie Hawkins*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

In my garden you may pick
 Roses, fairest of their kind;
But avoid the nettles tall,
 For they leave a sting
 behind.
Seek roses fair!
Of weeds beware. *Anon.*

January

TWENTY-NINTH

Better to stem with heart
and hand
The roaring tide of life,
than lie
Unmindful, on its flowery
strand,
Of God's occasions drift-
ing by. *J. G. Whittier*

THIRTIETH

As we meet and touch each
day,
The many travellers on our
way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious helpful ministry.
S. Coleridge

THIRTY-FIRST

"Rose-bud, dear rose-bud,
oh! please let me know
How children like us may
more beautiful grow?"
Crimson with blushes, the
rose drooped her head—
"Try to please others, dear
children!" she said.
Bessie Hawkins



February

FIRST

In the month of February,
When green leaves begin
to spring,
Little lambs do skip like
fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and
sing.
Anon.

SECOND

O, hush thee, my baby, thy
sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both
lovely and bright.
Sir W. Scott

THIRD

The night is past. With
morning glow,
Far, far away the cock doth
crow.
"Forget your dreams," he
loudly cries,
"The sun is up, 'tis time to
rise."

W. Smiles

FOURTH

Love watches o'er my quiet
ways,
Kind voices speak my
name,
And lips that find it hard to
praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.
J. G. Whittier

February

FIFTH

O to be young again,
O to have dreams and
dreams,
And to talk in the gardens
of wonderland
With stars and flowers and
streams!
W. A. McKenzie

SIXTH

Where are you sailing to,
Lady Moon,
Through the clouds in the
dark blue sky?
Are you going to say "Good
night" to the stars
That twinkle and look so
shy?
Alethea Chaplin

SEVENTH

Cling fast to Hope,
Forget your sorrow,
A brighter day
Will dawn to-morrow.
Anon.

EIGHTH

Much talent is often lost for
want of a little courage.
George Eliot

February

NINTH

I know not how others saw
her,
But to me she was wholly
fair,
And the light of the heavens
she came from
Still lingered and gleamed
in her hair.

J. H. Lowell

TENTH

Far on the misty sea of time,
Our ships are resting in
the lees;
Full freighted down with
happiness,
Just waiting for a favour-
ing breeze.

G. W. Stevens

ELEVENTH

Work a little, sing a little,
Whistle and be gay;
Read a little, play a little,
Busy every day;
Talk a little, laugh a little,
Don't forget to pray;
Be a bit of merry sunshine
All the blessed way.

Anon.

TWELFTH

.....
Success treads on the heels
of every right effort.

S. Smiles

.....

February

THIRTEENTH

Just a path that is sure,
Thorny or not,
And a heart honest and pure,
Keeping the path that is sure,
That be my lot.
W. C. Smith

FOURTEENTH

On Valentine's Day, the
country folk say
(And doubtless they say it
with reason),
The little birds' pair, and
think about where
Their nests shall be builded
this season.
E. M. Haines

FIFTEENTH

Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn
arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial
view
Which evermore makes all
things new! *John Keble*

SIXTEENTH

.....
The great man is he who does
not lose his child's heart.
Mencius

February

SEVENTEENTH

A happy childhood is a pledge
of a ripe manhood.

A. B. Alcott

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.....

EIGHTEENTH

The Cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise
'Tis time to rise.

Anon.

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.....

NINETEENTH

There's beauty all around
our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it midst familiar
things,
And through their lowly
guise. *F. Hemans*

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.....
.....

TWENTIETH

I know and esteem you, and
feel that your nature is
noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher,
a more ethereal level,
Therefore I value your
friendship. *Longfellow*

.....
.....
.....

February

TWENTY-FIRST

If on our daily course our
mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of count-
less price,
God will provide for sacri-
fice. *John Keble*

TWENTY-SECOND

My strength is as the strength
of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
Tennyson

TWENTY-THIRD

Keep
Your manhood, bend no sup-
pliant knees,
Nor palter with unworthy
pleas.
J. G. Whittier

TWENTY-FOURTH

The very gentlest of all hu-
man natures
Be joined to courage
strong,
And love outreaching unto all
God's creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.
J. G. Whittier

February

TWENTY-FIFTH

There are so many splendid things
A grown-up man can be,
It's hard to choose, so
Mother says,
I'd better wait and see.
Alethea Chaplin

TWENTY-SIXTH

If you are told to do a thing,
And mean to do it freely,
Never let it be by halves,
Do it fully, freely.

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Little Beauty, dry your eyes,
Needless are those tears and
sighs,
Gazing in the looking-glass,
What you wish shall come to
pass.
Beauty and the Beast

TWENTY-EIGHTH

"Violet, violet, hasten to say
How I may copy your sweet-
ness to-day?
Everyone loves you, though
often you hide."
"Do not be *selfish!*" the
violet cried.
Bessie Hawkins

February

TWENTY-NINTH

When the twinkling stars
 are shining
 Through the curtain of the
 skies,
And the little ones are clos-
 ing
 Drowsy eyes,
Fairy voices softly call them
 From the toys and scenes
 of day
To a wondrous Dreamland
 City
 Far away.

Mary Farrah



March

FIRST

Would you see the dewdrop
 fairies
Scatter gems among the
 flowers?
You must waken very early
In the summer morning
 hours.
 Alethea Chaplin

SECOND

O for one hour of youthful
 joy!
Give back my twentieth
 spring;
I'd rather laugh a bright-
 eyed boy,
Than reign a grey-beard
 King. *O. W. Holmes*

THIRD

.....
.....
We may be as good as we
please if we please to be
good. *I. Barrow*
.....

FOURTH

.....
.....
Tender as Heaven's own blue,
High as the stars above,
True as Truth is true—
Such, yea! such is Love.
 Mary Kilby
.....

March

FIFTH

Toil is the sire of fame.
Euripides

.....
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.....

SIXTH

If you should find your les-
sons hard
You need not yield to
sorrow;
For he who bravely works
to-day,
His tasks grow light to-
morrow. *Anon.*

.....
.....
.....

SEVENTH

Rest! Rest!
On thy mother's breast,
Fear not to close thine eyes;
Each little bird to its
downy nest
Has gone till the sun shall
rise. *L. P. W.*

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.....
.....

EIGHTH

To those who know thee not
no words can paint,
And those who know thee,
know all words are faint.
Hannah More

.....
.....
.....

March

NINTH

When Love, Health, Happi-
ness, and Plenty hear
Their names repeated over
day by day,
They wing their way, like
answering fairies, near,
Then nestle down, within
our homes to stay.

E. W. Wilcox

.....
.....
.....

TENTH

Our Character is our will;
for what we will we are.

Cardinal Manning

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.....
.....

ELEVENTH

A face with gladness over-
spread!

Soft smiles, by human kind-
ness bred.

W. Wordsworth

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.....
.....

TWELFTH

To cultivate kindness is a
valuable part of the business
of life.

Johnson

.....
.....
.....

March

THIRTEENTH

The aids to noble life are all
within.

M. Arnold

FOURTEENTH

Take care of your garden
And keep out the weeds,
Fill, fill it with sunshine,
Kind words and kind
deeds.

Anon.

FIFTEENTH

A little integrity is better
than any career.

R. W. Emerson

SIXTEENTH

Nothing is too high for a
man to reach; but he must
climb with care and confi-
dence.

Hans Andersen

March

SEVENTEENTH

Faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of woman-
hood.

Lord Tennyson

.....
.....
.....

EIGHTEENTH

Success comes only to those
who lead the life of endea-
vour.

T. Roosevelt

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.....

NINETEENTH

Endeavour, by crowning
life's duty
With joy-giving song and
with smile,
To make the world fuller of
beauty,
Because you are in it a
while.

Anon.

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.....

TWENTIETH

If you would create some-
thing you must be something.

G.

.....
.....
.....

March

TWENTY-FIRST

O, hush thee, my baby, the
time soon will come

When thy sleep shall be
broken by trumpet and
drum;

Then hush thee, my darling,
take rest while you may,
For strife comes with man-
hood, and waking with
day.

Sir W. Scott

TWENTY-SECOND

A healthy hunger for a great
idea is the beauty and bless-
edness of Life.

Jean Ingelow

TWENTY-THIRD

You're my friend—
What a thing friendship is,
world without end!
How it gives the heart and
soul a stir-up!

Robt. Browning

TWENTY-FOURTH

We know what we are, but
not what we may be.

Shakespeare

March

TWENTY-FIFTH

The secret of success in life
is for a man to be ready for
his opportunity when it
comes.
B. Disraeli

TWENTY-SIXTH

The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep
with you.
Shakespeare

TWENTY-SEVENTH

The truest greatness lies in
being kind;
The truest wisdom is a happy
mind.
E. W. Wilcox

TWENTY-EIGHTH

A man of words and not of
deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds.
Anon.

March

TWENTY-NINTH

Lighthouses don't ring bells
and fire cannon to call at-
tention to their shining; they
just shine.
Moody

THIRTIETH

The world is upheld by the
veracity of good men; they
make the earth wholesome.
R. W. Emerson

THIRTY-FIRST

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.
J. G. Whittier



April

FIRST

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there!

R. Browning

.....
.....
.....

SECOND

With sunshine and song,
With days growing long,
Sweet April returns with
her showers.

She calls unto birth
The children of earth—
Bees, butterflies, nestlings
and flowers.

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.....
.....

THIRD

All who joy would win must
share it—happiness was born
a twin.

Lord Byron

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.....
.....

FOURTH

He that never would
Could never. Will to might
gives greatest aid.

Spenser

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.....
.....

April

FIFTH

I met her by the woodland
way,
A child with simple eyes
of blue,
With just the charm of happy
day,
Awakened from the morn-
ing dew. *H. Johnson*

.....
.....
.....

SIXTH

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
That is what we say,
When we want to go and
play.
A. Gardiner

.....
.....
.....

SEVENTH

The trees put on their new
spring dress,
A lovely emerald green;
The robins and the sparrows
come;
The swallow, too, is seen.
Anon.

.....
.....
.....

EIGHTH

Our power of being happy
lies a great deal in ourselves.
Charlotte Brontë

.....
.....
.....

April

NINTH

There's a neat little clock—
in the schoolroom it
stands,

And it points to the time
with its two little hands,

And may we, like the clock,
keep a face clean and
bright,

With hands ever ready to do
what is right.

.....
.....
.....

TENTH

Home-keeping hearts are hap-
piest.

H. W. Longfellow

.....
.....
.....

ELEVENTH

'Tis Being, and Doing, and
Having that make
All the pleasures and pains
of which mortals par-
take.

To Be what God pleases, to
Do a man's best,

And to Have a good heart,
is the way to be blest.

Anon.

.....
.....
.....

TWELFTH

A thoroughly good man is
invariably a brave one.

Uncle Esek

.....
.....
.....

April

THIRTEENTH

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the
 roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.
 Anon.

FOURTEENTH

Make the most and the best
of your lot.
 B. Johnson

FIFTEENTH

He who is quiet and calm
 and right
Will always conquer in every
 fight.

SIXTEENTH

All that other folks can do,
Why with patience, may not
 you?
Only keep this rule in view—
 Try again. *Anon.*

April

SEVENTEENTH

Hold to the right,
You double your might.

R. Browning

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.....

EIGHTEENTH

Be silent always, when you
doubt your sense,
But speak, though sure, with
seeming diffidence.

Pope

.....
.....
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NINETEENTH

Thou art not here for ease
and pain,
But manhood's glorious crown
to gain.

X.

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.....

TWENTIETH

Find out your task, stand
to it.

Thos. Carlyle

.....
.....
.....

April

TWENTY-FIRST

Make some other life more
happy
By the life you live;
Make some other heart more
steadfast,
Through the help you give.
Anon.

TWENTY-SECOND

When once a man has done
anything very well, he ought
to dislike doing anything
badly, especially those things
which it is his duty to do
well.
A. Lyttelton

TWENTY-THIRD

It is a friendly heart that
has plenty of friends.
Thackeray

TWENTY-FOURTH

Through the wide world he
only is alone
Who lives not for another.
Rogers

April

TWENTY-FIFTH

Our hearts beat high with
hope for days to be—
For even now, while yet the
stream of life
Creeps through low meadows,
do we hear the strife,
And smell the salt-spray of
the open sea.
T. W. Cole

TWENTY-SIXTH

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Thos. Carlyle

TWENTY-SEVENTH

She stood breast high amid
the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light
of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the
sun,
Who many a glowing wish
had won. *Thos. Hood*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Genius is mainly an affair of
energy.
M. Arnold

April

TWENTY-NINTH

Let the qualities that go to
make up your honour be
truth and fidelity to your
word and decent and upright
conduct in life.

Lord Curzon

.....
.....
.....

THIRTIETH

Be natural and you'll never
be anything else.

Anon.

.....
.....
.....



May

FIRST

The Queen of the May
Is Queen for a day,
But May is the Queen of the
seasons.

.....
.....
.....

SECOND

Oh! in my garden, every day
It should be always play-
time,
And every bird should have
a nest,
And all the world be May-
time.

E. Parker

.....
.....
.....

THIRD

Character is the diamond
that scratches every stone.

Bartol

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.....
.....

FOURTH

A line of hills against the
sky,

A flurry of wind across
the plain,

A tang of salt, a dash of
spray,

And how the heart is young
again.

H. Johnson

.....
.....
.....
.....

May

FIFTH

Her face betokened all things
dear and good.
Jean Ingelow

SIXTH

The tissue of life to be
We weave with colours all
our own,
And in the field of Destiny,
We reap as we have sown.
J. G. Whittier

SEVENTH

Sound, sound the clarion, fill
the fife!
To all the sensual world
proclaim,
One crowded hour of glori-
ous life
Is worth an age without a
name. *Sir Walter Scott*

EIGHTH

Everyone can make his own
destiny.
Thierry.

May

NINTH

So nigh is grandeur to our
dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low,
Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.
R. W. Emerson

TENTH

The mind is master of the'
man,
And so "they can who think
they can."
Anon.

ELEVENTH

O Moon! in the night I have
seen you sailing
And shining so round and
low:
You were bright! Ah bright!
but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but
a bow. *Jean Ingelow*

TWELFTH

Self-reverence, self-knowl-
edge, and self-control. These
three alone lead life to sov-
ereign power.
Tennyson

May

THIRTEENTH

I said, what shall be left,
In after years, of all this
glad day weaves?—
Then as we walked there
came a sense of scent—
Wood violets, and dead
leaves.
T. W. Cole

FOURTEENTH

How happy is he born and
taught,
That serveth not another's
will,
Whose armour is his honest
thought,
And simple truth his utmost
skill. *Sir Hy. Wotton*

FIFTEENTH

Breathes there the man, with
soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath
said,
This is my own, my native
land!
Sir Walter Scott

SIXTEENTH

He has a face like a bene-
diction.
Cervantes

May

SEVENTEENTH

We're the sons of sires that
baffled
Crowned and mitred
tyranny:
They defied the field and
scaffold
For their birthrights—so
will we!
Thomas Campbell

EIGHTEENTH

Do what thy manhood bids
thee do, from none but
self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest
dies, who makes and
keeps his self-made laws.
The Kasidah of Hadji Abdu

NINETEENTH

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis
to glory we steer,
To add something new to
this wonderful year.
David Garrick

TWENTIETH

If you would be miserable,
look within. If you would
be distracted, look around.
If you would be happy,
look up. *Anon.*

May

TWENTY-FIRST

Be worthy of your flag, boys,
That high above you flies,
About its folds there live the
shades
Of splendid memories.
Hugh Milton

TWENTY-SECOND

.....
The secret of success is con-
stancy to purpose.
Lord Beaconsfield
.....

TWENTY-THIRD

Up with the Flag!
And let the wind caress it
fold on fold—
For 'tis a token of a truth
sublime,
A Flag of Pride, a splen-
dour to behold!
E. Mackay

TWENTY-FOURTH

O Daffy-down-dilly,
So brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!—
So ready for duty.
In all sorts of weather.
A. B. Warner

May

TWENTY-FIFTH

The world's a very happy
place,
Where every child should
laugh and sing.
G. Setoun

TWENTY-SIXTH

Lives of great men all re-
mind us
We can make our lives
sublime
And, departing, leave behind
us
Footprints on the sands of
time.
H. W. Longfellow

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Honour the flag, let the chil-
dren learn
The lessons its victories
teach,
That high endeavour and
noble aim,
The loftiest goals may
reach.

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Now and here is the hour
of great hearts, the hour of
heroism, and of genius.
Amiel

May

TWENTY-NINTH

O youth, whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.
Bridges

THIRTIETH

The world belongs to the
energetic.
Emerson

THIRTY-FIRST

Joy and Temperance and
Repose
Slam the door on the doc-
tor's nose.
H. W. Longfellow



June

FIRST

Maiden! tripping from the
primrose bowers
Into June, whose roses
flush thy face,
Life to thee is but a dream
of beauty;
Thou hast only started in
the race. *H. Kendall*

SECOND

May added years bring add-
ed joys and richer blessings
still.
F. Cole

THIRD

This above all, to thine own
self be true,
And it must follow, as the
night the day,
Thou canst not then be false
to any man.
Shakespeare

FOURTH

Life is mostly froth and
bubble,
Two things stand like
stone,
Kindness in another's trou-
ble,
Courage in your own.

June

FIFTH

A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each one has some part to play;
The past and future are nothing
In face of the stern to-day.
Adelaide Procter

SIXTH

Down in the field one day
in June
The flowers all bloomed together!
S. O. Jewett

SEVENTH

Up to eighteen we fight with fears,
And deal with problems grave and weighty,
And smile our smiles and weep our tears,
Just as we do in after years,
From eighteen up to eighty.

EIGHTH

There is never a trial, but the strength is given,
To bear it, with patience within.
There is never a prayer, but an answer given,
Fresh courage to fight and to win.

June

NINTH

A rosebud set with little
wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air
could make her.
Tennyson

TENTH

Just keep a merry heart, my
lad,
And thus make other people
glad,
Do all the good you can each
day,
And as you toil, just whistle
away. *Anon.*

ELEVENTH

Now when it rains, and you
can't go out,
And you start to grumble
—think,
That the rain does good and
it only falls
That you and the flowers
may drink.
Alethea Chaplin

TWELFTH

How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make,
As you gathered, you must
lose,
As you yielded, now refuse.
John Boyle O'Reilly

June

THIRTEENTH

Tall, eager, a face to remember,
A flush that could change as the day;
A spirit that knew not December,
That brightened the sunshine of May.

FOURTEENTH

For sympathy is welcome
like the flowers,
And lonely hearts have been
waiting for ours
In this world far and near.
Una Hawthorne

FIFTEENTH

Statesmen, warriors, men of
science,
Once, my friends, were
boys like you;
And the grandest deeds of
history
Are the ones that *you* may
do.

SIXTEENTH

God bless us every one.
C. Dickens
.....

June

SEVENTEENTH

Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and
love.
Shakespeare

EIGHTEENTH

Many a youth and many a
maid,
Dancing in the chequered
shade;
And young and old come
forth to play,
On a sunshine holy day.
Milton

NINETEENTH

Oh, dearest, dearest boy! my
heart
For better lore would sel-
dom yearn,
Could I but teach the hun-
dredth part
Of what from thee I learn.
Wordsworth

TWENTIETH

Honour and shame from no
condition rise,
Act well your part, there all
the honour lies.
Pope

June

TWENTY-FIRST

A Child, more than all other
 gifts
That earth can offer to man-
 kind,
Brings hope with it, and for-
 ward-looking thoughts.
 Wordsworth

TWENTY-SECOND

Man's work is to labour and
 leaven—
As best he may—earth here
 with Heaven.
 R. Browning

TWENTY-THIRD

Her air, her smile, her
 motions tell
Of womanly completeness:
A music as of household
 songs
Is in her voice of sweetness.

TWENTY-FOURTH

I dare do all that may be-
 come a man;
Who dares do more is none.
 Shakespeare

June

TWENTY-FIFTH

The bravest are the tender-
est—

The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor

TWENTY-SIXTH

There is no trade or em-
ployment but the young man
following it may become a
hero.

Walt Whitman

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Study yourselves; and most
of all note well

Wherein kind nature meant
you to excel.

Not every blossom ripens
into fruit.

H. W. Longfellow

TWENTY-EIGHTH

When my goodnights and
prayers are said,

And I am warm tucked up
in bed,

I know my guardian angel
stands,

And holds my head between
his hands.

June

TWENTY-NINTH

The lark is so brimful of
gladness and love,
The green fields below him,
the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings;
and for ever sings he,
I love my love and my love
loves me.

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S. T. Coleridge

THIRTIETH

Who does the best his cir-
cumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels
could no more.

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Young



July

FIRST

Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves.
E. W. Lytton

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SECOND

Learn to make the most of
life,
Lose no happy day,
Time can never give thee
back
Chances swept away.
Sara Doudney

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THIRD

Little children, never give,
Pain to things that feel and
live.
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at
home—
As his meat you throw along,
He'll repay you with a song.

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FOURTH

Thou too sail on, O Ship of
State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and
great.
H. W. Longfellow

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July

FIFTH

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be.
R. Browning

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SIXTH

Ah! the precious years we
waste,
Levelling what we raised in
haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content, or love, be won.
John Boyle O'Reilly

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SEVENTH

There is nothing so kingly
as kindness,
And nothing so royal as
truth.
Alice Carey

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EIGHTH

You cannot dream yourself
into a character; you must
hammer and forge yourself
one.
Froude

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July

NINTH

If when for life's prizes
You're running, you trip,
Get up, start again—
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"
Phæbe Cary

TENTH

Let him that would move
the world first move himself.
Socrates,

ELEVENTH

We crave
The austere virtues strong to
save,
The honour proof to place or
gold,
The manhood never bought
nor sold!
Whittier

TWELFTH

The World is so full of a
number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as
happy as kings.
R. L. Stevenson

July

THIRTEENTH

Once to every man and nation
 comes the moment
 to decide,
In the strife of truth with
 falsehood, for the good
 or evil side. *Lowell*

FOURTEENTH

The South Wind brings wet
 weather,
The North Wind wet and
 cold together;
The West Wind always
 brings us rain,
The East Wind blows it back
 again.

FIFTEENTH

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.
 W. Blake

SIXTEENTH

There is a garden in her
 face,
Where roses and white lilies
 grow.
 R. Allison

July

SEVENTEENTH

God's benison go with you:
and with those
That would make good of
bad, and friends of foes!
Shakespeare

EIGHTEENTH

Oh, the cunning wiles that
creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth
wake,
Then the dreadful light shall
break.
W. Blake

NINETEENTH

No longer forward nor be-
hind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good
I find,
The best of now and here.
Whittier

TWENTIETH

Every life has pages vacant
still,
Whereon the man may write
the thing he will.
Henry Van Dyke

July

TWENTY-FIRST

There's a merry brown
thrush sitting up in a
tree;
He's singing to me! he's
singing to me!
Lucy Larcom

TWENTY-SECOND

When the voices of children
are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on
the hill,
My heart is at rest within
my breast,
And everything else is still.
Wm. Blake

TWENTY-THIRD

Let your hand and your
conscience
Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean.
Phæbe Cary

TWENTY-FOURTH

She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think
on.
Brennoralt

July

TWENTY-FIFTH

Blessed is he who has found
his work; let him ask no
other blessedness.

Carlyle

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TWENTY-SIXTH

I travelled among unknown
men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know
till then
What love I bore to thee.

Wordsworth

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TWENTY-SEVENTH

Faith—on the world's rough
road to fear no fear,
Hope—in the darkest hour
thy heart to cheer,
God's Love—the love of all
around thee here—
This—and all good—I wish
thee.

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TWENTY-EIGHTH

My thought of you will touch
your thought to-day,
My Birthday Greeting which
my heart will say,
Your heart will hear.

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July

TWENTY-NINTH

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the
winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.
Longfellow

THIRTIETH

Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Longfellow

THIRTY-FIRST

Father, we thank thee for the
night
And for the pleasant morn-
ing light.
Song



August

FIRST

Modest little lady,
Clearest summer skies—
Blue, and calm, and cloud-
less—
Pale beside thine eyes.
M. M.

SECOND

Whene'er a noble deed is
wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble
thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
Longfellow

THIRD

Put on your brightest looks;
smile if you can;
Behave as all were happy.
Keats

FOURTH

As pure and sweet, her fair
brow seemed
Eternal as the sky:
And like the brook's low
song, her voice,—
A sound that could not die.
John Greenleaf Whittier

August

FIFTH

A child of light, a radiant
 lass,
And gamesome as the morn-
 ing air.
 Jean Ingelow

SIXTH

Happy is England: I could
 be content
 To see no other verdure
 than its own;
 To feel no other breezes
 than are blown
Through its tall woods with
 high romances blent.
 Keats

SEVENTH

Her thoughts are never
 memories,
 But ever changeful, ever
 new,
 Fresh and beautiful as dew
That in a dell at noontide
 lies.
 Lowell

EIGHTH

 She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such
 a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their
 sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the
 rocks pure gold.
 Shakespeare

August

NINTH

'Tis as easy now for the
heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or
skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of
living.
Lowell

TENTH

To homely joys and loves
and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly
clung;
And so the shadow on the
dial
Ran back, and left thee
always young.
Whittier

ELEVENTH

Children are God's apostles,
day by day
Sent forth to preach of love,
and hope, and peace.
Lowell

TWELFTH

O to think, O to think, as I
see her stand there,
With the rose that I plucked
in her glorious hair,
In the robe that I love, so
demure and so neat—
I am lord of her lips, and
her eyes, and her feet.

August

THIRTEENTH

Nothing useless is, or low;—
Each thing in its place is
best.

Longfellow

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FOURTEENTH

For thee, she will thy every
dwelling grace,
And make "a sun shine in a
shady place."

Keats

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FIFTEENTH

Oh! she was good as she
was fair,
None—none on earth above
her!
As pure in thought as an-
gels are,
To know her was to love her.

Samuel Rogers

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SIXTEENTH

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every pure deed nobly done
Will repay the cost.

Anon.

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August

SEVENTEENTH

Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine,
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be,
A great and noble creed.

EIGHTEENTH

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of Rhyme.
Longfellow

NINETEENTH

And may you happy live,
And long us bless;
Receiving as you give
Great happiness.
C. Rossetti

TWENTIETH

My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space;
But while I stay I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place.
E. W. Wilcox

August

TWENTY-FIRST

May Health bē ours where'er
we go,
May Reason shut out feud
and foe,
And Love abound for high
and low.
Old Poem

TWENTY-SECOND

Thy children all,—though
hue and form
Are varied in thine own
good will,—
With Thine own holy breath-
ings warm,
And fashioned in thine
image still. *Whittier*

TWENTY-THIRD

Smile a little, smile a little
As you go along;
Not alone when life is pleas-
ant
But when things go wrong.
E. W. Wilcox

TWENTY-FOURTH

A truer, nobler, trustier
heart,
More loving, or more loyal,
never beat
Within a human breast.
Byron

August

TWENTY-FIFTH

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will.
J. R. Lowell

TWENTY-SIXTH

The Man in the Moon looked out of the Moon,
Looked out of the Moon and said:
" 'Tis time for all children upon the Earth,
To think about getting to bed."

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Live to some purpose, make thy life
A gift of use to thee,—
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy.

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
Less exquisite than thine.
Tennyson

August

TWENTY-NINTH

Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery. *Anon.*

THIRTIETH

One praised her ankles, one
her eyes,
One her dark hair and
lovesome mien,
So sweet a face, such angel
grace,
In all that land had never
been. *Tennyson*

THIRTY-FIRST

Home is a sunny place,
where each may fill
Some eye with glistening
smiles. *F. Hemans*



September

FIRST

Oh, never let your chances
Like sunbeams pass you by,
Or you'll never miss the
water
Till the well runs dry.
Anon.

SECOND

Be what ye dream! and earth
shall see
A greater greatness than she
e'er hath seen.
Lowell

THIRD

Get up, for when all things
are merry and glad,
Good children should never
be lazy and sad.
Lady Flora Hastings

FOURTH

Love, for other's sake that
springs,
Gives half their charm to
lovely things.
Lowell

September

FIFTH

What will not woman, gentle
 woman, dare
When strong affection stirs
 her spirit up?
 Robert Southey

SIXTH

Let us dance and let us sing,
Dancing in a merry ring;
We'll be fairies on the green,
Sporting round the Fairy
 Queen.

SEVENTH

There are such ways of doing
 good,
 Such ways of being kind,
And bread that's cast on
 waters fast
 Comes home again, I find.
 E. W. Wilcox

EIGHTH

Honour to women! to them
 it is given
To garden the earth with the
 roses of Heaven.
 J. S.

September

NINTH

Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.
Sweet dreams of pleasant
streams,
By happy, silent, moony
beams.
W. Blake

TENTH

.....
To have what we want is
riches, but to be able to do
without is power.
G. Macdonald

ELEVENTH

Catch then, O catch the
transient hour,
Improve each moment as it
flies.
Johnson

TWELFTH

Cocks crow in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.

September

THIRTEENTH

When the green woods laugh
with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream
runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh
with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs
with the noise of it.
W. Blake

FOURTEENTH

O, Brignall banks are wild
and fair,
And Gretna woods are
green,
And you may gather gar-
lands there,
Would grace a summer
queen.

FIFTEENTH

Now God gives us daylight,
dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and
may work like the bee.
Lady Flora Hastings

SIXTEENTH

Do the duty which lies near-
est to thee, which thou know-
est to be a duty; thy second
duty will have already be-
come clearer.
Thomas Carlyle

September

SEVENTEENTH

She heedeth well their ways,
Upon her tongue the law
of kindness dwells,
With wisdom she dispenses
blame or praise,
And ready sympathy her
bosom swells.

EIGHTEENTH

Hush! my dear, lie still and
slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without
number
Gently falling on thy head.

NINETEENTH

Something to do besides
dance and sing;
Oh! isn't that a lovely thing?
Sometimes to work, not al-
ways to play—
Life is not always a holiday.
Henry

TWENTIETH

On her cheek, an Autumn
flush,
Deeply ripen'd:— such a
blush
In the midst of brown was
born,
Like red poppies grown with
corn. *T. Hood*

September

TWENTY-FIRST

Now the bee never idles, but
labours all day,
And thinks, wise little insect,
work better than play.
Lady Flora Hastings

TWENTY-SECOND

Whatever helps you to the
height
Of your best self and gives
you light
To see God's truth, that
thing is right.
E. W. Wilcox

TWENTY-THIRD

Beware of too sublime a
sense
Of your own worth and con-
sequence!
W. Cowper

TWENTY-FOURTH

The buds are all opening—
the dew's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch,
see there falls quite a
shower.
Lady Flora Hastings

September

TWENTY-FIFTH

Let there be many windows
to your soul,
That all the glory of the uni-
verse may beautify it.
E. W. Wilcox

TWENTY-SIXTH

Where pity dwells, the
peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love
each other,
Each smile a hymn, each
kindly deed a prayer.
Whittier

TWENTY-SEVENTH

The world at its best shall be
led to its rest
By the hand of a little child.
Barrington Macgregor

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Higher, higher, will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live
through time
In our country's story.
Montgomery

September

TWENTY-NINTH

Constant in love, who tries
a woman's mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all
in her doth find.
Robert Greene

THIRTIETH

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant
crown.
W. Blake



October

FIRST

Just being happy is a fine
thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
rather than the blue.

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SECOND

Every day is a fresh begin-
ning, take heart with the
day, and begin again.

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THIRD

Sad or sunny musing is large-
ly of our choosing,
And just being happy is
brave work and true.

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FOURTH

Get up, little sister, the
morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing
to welcome the light.
Lady Flora Hastings

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October

FIFTH

Make some other life more
 happy
 By the life you live,
Make some other heart more
 steadfast,
 Through the help you give.

SIXTH

Spring and Summer glide
 away,
Autumn comes with tresses
 gray.

SEVENTH

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine over-
 head;
They are the little daisies
 white,
That dot the meadow of the
 night.
 Frank D. Sherman

EIGHTH

What hast thou wrought for
 Right and Truth,
 For God and Man,
From the golden hours of
 bright-eyed youth
 To life's mid span?
 Whittier

October

NINTH

Honour to those whose words
or deeds,
Thus help us in our daily
needs,
And by their overflow,
Raise us from what is low!
Longfellow

TENTH

Now parents all that chil-
dren have,
And you that have got
none,
If you would have them safe
abroad,
Pray keep them safe at
home.

ELEVENTH

All thro' life there are way-
side inns, where man
may refresh his soul
with love,
Even the lowest may quench
his thirst at rivulets fed
by springs from above.
Longfellow

TWELFTH

A countenance in which did
meet,
Sweet records, promises as
sweet.
Wordsworth

October

THIRTEENTH

Sweet dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head.
W. Blake

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FOURTEENTH

Be ready for Duty,
In all sorts of weather,
And loyal to Courage,
And Duty together.
A. B. Warner

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FIFTEENTH

In books, or work, or health-
ful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every
day,
A good account at last.
Isaac Watts

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SIXTEENTH

Merry are the bells, and
merry would they ring,
Merry was myself and merry
could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong,
happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy
let us be.

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October

SEVENTEENTH

For the soul that hath lived
well,
For the soul that child-like
is,
There is quiet in the spell
That brings back early
memories.
Lowell

EIGHTEENTH

Jog on, jog on, the footpath
way,
And merrily hent the
style-a,
A merry heart goes all the
day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
Shakespeare

NINETEENTH

Now the day of Birth is here,
Come right out with ringing
cheer,
Come—with mirth and kindly
will,
Come—resolved to laugh
your fill.
F. C.

TWENTIETH

.....
The only real failure is to
give up trying.
Archbishop Lang
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October

TWENTY-FIRST

I can't do much yet,
But I'll do what I can,
It's well I began!

Anna B. Warner

TWENTY-SECOND

Sweet lips whereon perpetually
did reign
The summer calm of golden
charity.

Tennyson

TWENTY-THIRD

Trust no Future, however
pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its
dead!
Act—Act in the living
present,
Heart within, and God
o'erhead.

Longfellow

TWENTY-FOURTH

There's a work that should
be wrought,
And a battle to be fought,
Every day.

Anon.

October

TWENTY-FIFTH

True hope is swift, and flies
with a swallow's wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and
meaner creatures Kings.
Shakespeare

TWENTY-SIXTH

Give thy heart's best
treasures—
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love and ask not,
Wait not a return.
A. A. Procter

TWENTY-SEVENTH

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there
is none,
If there be one, try and find
it,
If there be none, never mind
it.

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Guard well thy thoughts—
for thoughts are heard in
Heaven.
.....

October

TWENTY-NINTH

You shall wander in cool,
fragrant gardens
With those who have loved
you the best,
And the hopes that were lost
in life's journey,
You shall find in the city of
rest. *E. W. Wilcox*

THIRTIETH

Every little tender answer
Turns both wrath and hate
away,
Brings again the smiles and
laughter:
Answer gently, don't delay.
Newman Harding

THIRTY-FIRST

A Lady with a Lamp shall
stand,
In the great history of the
land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.
Longfellow



November

FIRST

Who never walks save where
he sees men's tracks, makes
no discoveries.

J. G. Holland

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SECOND

Such goodness in your face
doth shine,
With modest look, without
design,
That I despair, poor pen of
mine,
Can e'er express it.

Chas. Lamb

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THIRD

I love the stars, they look so
kind,
High up there, in the skies,
Like little lamps, God hangs
in Heaven,
Or p'raps they're angels'
eyes.

Alethea Chaplin

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FOURTH

She is a woman, one in
whom
The Springtime of her child-
ish years
Hath never lost its sweet
perfume.

J. R. Lowell

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November

FIFTH

Thou straggler into loving
 arms,
 Young climber-up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand
 ways,
 Then life and all shall
 cease. *Chas. Lamb*

SIXTH

Great feelings hath she of
 her own,
Which lesser souls may never
 know;
God giveth them to her alone.
 J. R. Lowell

SEVENTH

Go bravely on doing the
daily duties, and trusting
that as our day is, so shall
our strength be.
 Ed. King

EIGHTH

Life is to be fortified by
 many friendships,
To love, and to be loved is
 the greatest happiness
 of existence.
 Sydney Smith

November

NINTH

He who bends to himself a
joy,
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy,
as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sunrise.
Wm. Blake

TENTH

Leave no memorial but a
world
Made better by your lives.

ELEVENTH

Every noble life leaves the
fibre of it interwoven for
ever in the work of the
world.
John Ruskin

TWELFTH

Help us to do the thing we
should,
To be to others kind and
good,
In all we do, in all we say,
To grow more loving every
day.
Anon.

November

THIRTEENTH

Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter,
Turns us out to play.
Chas. Kingsley

FOURTEENTH

All service is the same with
God—
With God, whose puppets,
best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor
first.
Robt. Browning

FIFTEENTH

While we in England shiver,
And rub our hands and
run,
The swallows in the shining
south,
Skim happy in the sun.
Alethea Chaplin

SIXTEENTH

The best wishes that can be
forged in your thoughts be
servants to you!
Shakespeare

November

SEVENTEENTH

Oh, little one, sleep, when
the nights are kind,
In dreamland seek for the
joys you find;
May they glow and glitter,
and each pure star,
Reflect you for ever, just as
you are. *G. E. Bowen*

EIGHTEENTH

If what shone afar so grand,
Turn to nothing in your
hand,
On again, the virtue lies,
In the struggle, not the prize.

NINETEENTH

In Autumn when the wind
is up,
I know the acorn's out its
cup,
For 'tis the wind who takes
it out,
And plants an oak some-
where about.
F. D. Sherman

TWENTIETH

With care and culture all
may find
Some pretty flower in their
own mind,
Some talent that is rare.
Charles Lamb

November

TWENTY-FIRST

In winter, when the wind I
hear,
I know the clouds will dis-
appear;
For 'tis the wind that sweeps
the sky,
And piles the snow in ridges
high. *F. D. Sherman*

TWENTY-SECOND

I live once more to see the
day,
That brought me first to
light;
Oh! teach my willing heart
the way,
To take thy mercies right!
Chas. Lamb

TWENTY-THIRD

Laughing cheerfulness throws
sunlight on all the paths of
life.
Richter

TWENTY-FOURTH

There was never a smile in a
weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made
the whole world bright,—
A little bit of a boy!
F. L. Stanton

November

TWENTY-FIFTH

He comes,—he comes,—the
Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his foot-
steps now,
On the naked woods and the
blasted fields and the
brown hill's withered
brow,
Whittier

TWENTY-SIXTH

Nothing is quite so quiet and
clean
As snow that falls in the
night;
And isn't it jolly to jump
from bed
And find the whole world
white?
Rickman Mark

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Not enjoyment, and not
sorrow,
Is our destined end or
way;
But to act, that each to-
morrow
Find us farther than to-
day.
Longfellow

TWENTY-EIGHTH

God bless the Boys and all
their noise!
God bless the Girls—we'll
kiss them after!
All earthly joys were useless
toys,
Without the children and
their laughter.
Anon.

November

TWENTY-NINTH

Flowers are lovely; Love is
flower-like;

Friendship is a sheltering
tree;

O! the joys, that come down
shower-like,

Of Friendship, Love and
Liberty.

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THIRTIETH

Dost thou love life, then do
not squander time, for that
is the stuff life is made of.

Benjamin Franklin

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December

FIRST

The little snow people are
hurrying down,
From their home in the
clouds overhead;
They are working as hard as
ever they can,
Putting the world to bed.
E. W. Buxton

SECOND

The world is full of beauty,
as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it
might be full of Love.
G. Massey

THIRD

She's beautiful, and there-
fore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to
be won.
Shakespeare

FOURTH

Do good to thy friend to
keep him, to thy enemy to
gain him.
Benjamin Franklin

December

FIFTH

Be what you were meant
to be.

A. B. Alcott

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SIXTH

She's all my fancy painted
her,
She's lovely, she's divine.

Wm. Mee

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SEVENTH

When the moon is slowly
rising
And the stars begin to
peep,
And the fairies grow quite
busy,
Bringing dew drops while
you sleep.

Alethea Chaplin

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EIGHTH

Life's a mirror: if we smile,
Smiles come back to greet us.
If we're frowning all the
while,
Frowns forever meet us.

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December

NINTH

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or
despise;
For naught that sets one
heart at ease,
And giveth happiness and
peace,
Is low esteemèd in her eyes.
J. R. Lowell

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TENTH

Do the truth you know, and
you shall learn the truth you
need to know.
George Macdonald

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ELEVENTH

Know how sublime a thing
it is
To suffer and be strong.
Longfellow

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TWELFTH

The written thought, the
printed word,
Are ships that sail the sea;
And Time, the ocean, gives
account
Of many an argosy.
Grace Ellery Channing

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December

THIRTEENTH

Oh, a great world, a fair
world, a true world, I
find it;
A sun that never forgets to
rise,
On the darkest night a star
in the skies,
And a God of love behind it.
E. W. Wilcox

FOURTEENTH

When the fight begins within
himself,
A man's worth something.
R. Browning

FIFTEENTH

If wishes were sovereigns, I
know what I'd do,
I'd buy a large ship and a
flag that was blue;
And off I'd go sailing right
over the world,
With colours all flying and
sails all unfurled.
Alethea Chaplin

SIXTEENTH

The purest treasure mortal
things afford
Is spotless reputation.
Shakespeare

December

SEVENTEENTH

Not once or twice in our
rough island story
The path of duty was the
way to glory.
Tennyson

EIGHTEENTH

The ones who shall win, are
the ones who will toil,
The Future is all in our
keeping;
Though fortune may give us
the seed and the soil,
We must still do the sow-
ing and reaping.

NINETEENTH

Her lips are sweet as love—
They are parting! do they
move?
Are they dumb?
Here eyes are blue and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say "Come."

TWENTIETH

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If any painter drew her
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.
Mrs. Browning

December

TWENTY-FIRST

The music of one half-re-
membered song,
Whose sound melodious,
made one moment sweet,
Is mine and thine—ours,
too, the lagging feet,
That lonely place where old-
time memories throng.

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TWENTY-SECOND

The heart of Christmas is
the joy of being remembered.
Anon.

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TWENTY-THIRD

Now old Santa Claus does all
that he can;
And a beautiful mission
is his;
Then children be good to the
little old man,
When you find who the
little man is. *Anon.*

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TWENTY-FOURTH

Keep virtue's simple path
before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can
ever rise.

Thompson

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December

TWENTY-FIFTH

The whole world is a Christ-
mas tree,
And stars its many candles
be.
Oh! sing a carol joyfully,
The year's great feast is
keeping.

TWENTY-SIXTH

The time of gifts has come
again,
And on my northern window
pane,
Outlined against the day's
brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in
sight. *J. G. Whittier*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Old winter sad, in snowy-
clad,
Is making a doleful din,
But let him howl till he
crack his jowl,
We will not let him in.
T. Noel

TWENTY-EIGHTH

This is the old year's garden
—let us tread
Now once again the path-
ways—so perchance
We may find memories where
the brier lies dead,
Or in the trampled rose-
leaves some remem-
brance.

December

TWENTY-NINTH

Full knee-deep lies the winter
snow,
And the winter winds are
wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad
and slow,
And tread softly and speak
low,
For the old year lies a-
dying. *Tennyson*

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THIRTIETH

Ring out the old, ring in the
new.
Ring, happy bells, across
the snow;
The year is going, let him
go
Ring out the false, ring in
the true. *Tennyson*

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THIRTY-FIRST

Go forth to meet the shadowy
Future, without fear, and
with a stout heart.
Longfellow

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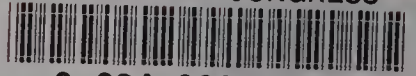
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